Thou maiſt deſerue, or they purpoſe this vſage,
Comming from vs.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highneſſe Letters to them,
Ere I was riſen from the place that ſhewed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking Poſte,
Stewd in his haſte, halfe breathleſſe, panting forth
From *Gonorill* his Miſtris, ſalutations,
Deliuered letters ſpite of interniſſion,
Which preſently they read; on whoſe contents
They ſummond vp their men, ſtraight tooke horſe,
Commanded me to follow, and attend the leiſure
Of their anſwer, gaue me cold lookes,
And meeting heere the other Meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome I perceiu'd had poiſoned mine,
Being the very fellow that of late
Diſplaid ſo ſawcily againſt your Highneſſe,
Hauing more man then wit about me, drew;
He raiſed the houſe with loud and coward cries,
Your ſonne and daughter found this treſpaſſe worth
This ſhame which here it ſuffers.

Lear. O how this mother ſwels vp toward my heart,
Hiſtorica paſſio downe thou climing ſorrow,
Thy element's below, where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earle ſir within.

Lear. Follow me not, ſtay there.

Knight. Made you no more offence then what you ſpeake of?

Kent. No, how chance the King comes with ſo ſmall a traine?

Foole. If thou hadſt beene ſet in the ſtockes for that queſtion, thou hadſt well deſerued it.

Kent. Why foole?

Foole. Wee'l ſet thee to ſchoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's no labouring in the winter, all that follow their noſes, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's not a noſe among a hundred, but can ſmell him that's ſtincking; let goe thy hold when a great wheele runs downe a hill, leaſt it breake thy necke with following it, but the great one that goes vp the hil, let him draw thee

thee after, when a wiſe man giues thee better counſell, giue mee mine againe, I would haue none but knaues follow it, ſince a foole giues it.

That Sir that ſerues for gaine,
And followes but for forme;
Will packe when it begins to raine,
And leaue thee in the ſtorme.
But I will tarry, the foole will ſtay,
And let the wiſe man flie:
The knaue turnes foole that runnes away,
The foole no knaue perdy.

Kent. Where learnt you this foole?

Foole. Not in the ſtockes.

Enter Lear and Gloceſter.

Lear. Deny to ſpeake with me? th'are ſicke, th'are weary,
They traueld hard to night, meare Iuſtice,
I the images of reuolt and flying off,
Fetch me a better anſwer.

Gloſt. My deare Lord, you know the fiery quality of the Duke, how vnremoueable and fixt he is in his owne courſe.

Lear. Veangeance, death, plague, confuſion, what fiery quality; why *Gloceſter*, *Gloceſter*, ide ſpeake with the Duke of *Cornewall*, and his wife.

Gloſt. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would ſpeake with *Cornwall*, the deare father
Would with his daughter ſpeake, commands her ſeruice,
Fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that *Lear*,
No but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office, where to our health
Is bound, we are not our ſelues, when nature being oppreſt,
Commands the minde to ſuffer with the body; ile forbeare,
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpoſed and ſickly fit, for the ſound man,
Death on my ſtate, wherefore ſhould he ſit here?
This acte perſwades me, that this remotion of the Duke & her

 Is